HE ROMANCE MAKER

MILDRED VAN INWEGEN IN SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

Perry Spaulding

did it happen?"

y toward her over the pret-ust table, and Jean hurried itchen "just to peek at the be stove," she turned back chen tof the budget in her hand

mater mine, and

we a writer of novels—and one is young and a bachelor at that their midst. They pester him ath. But, from what he says, so it's that way and worse—we have an deal place for afternoon tea."

"We'll have to make the side borch do," Evelyn would answer from the china cupboard, where she was minutely examining the company cups. "Oh, why haven't we some Wedgewood? These are positively hopeles!" in a plaintive voice.

To which Jean would retort with a teazing smile: "As if he'd be able to tell Wedgwood from crockery while basking in your light." Then, to May, she would add: "You must to tell Wedgwood from crockery while basking in your light." Then, to May, she would add: "You must to tell wedgwood from crockery while basking in your light." Then, to May, she would add: "You must to tell wedgwood from crockery while basking in your light." Then, to May, she would add: "You must to tell wedgwood? In her concern Jean forgot and passed him another cake, although she had read in "The Princess Wanders" that it was a decided foux pas to eat more than half a one. He took it gratefully and flashed her a smile. Then, just when she thought the ice was broken, he withdrew into his shell and became again uninteresting and mute. Evelyn posed on. May talk ed animatedly of "The Girl in Green," Perry Spulding ate a third cake. And Jean survived them all contempts to the feel like one and distinct novels. It's probably a favorite."

"Jean!" May would admonish. Why couldn't they be an awkward move in the direction of the total way of the main the wasn't drinking his peke. In her concern Jean forgot and passed him another cake, although she had read in "The Princess Wanders" that it was a decided foux pas to eat more than other cake, although she had read in "The Princess Wanders" that it was a decided foux pas to eat more than other cake, although she had read in "The Princess Wanders" that it was a decided foux pas to eat more than one. He took it grateful than the wasn't drinking has a decided foux pas to eat more than one. He took

son-in-law. course we'll manage," stoke up

secretly scorning the prebah-signs of her family. "Take the for my gown and add it to and Evelyn's." a, we couldn't do that," May

why not?' asked Jean, smiling nesically. "I won't need rew as for baking pies and cakes. Be you might as well count me of the running. I'd never in the capture the heart of an au-

Thy, Jean!" cut in a trio of mildell, would I?" Jean demanded. before any of them, flushing a could reply, she went on, mock-"Why should Perry prefer

from the letter she was gold? And what chance would my "Evelyn! May! What voice have against May's? I couldn't carry a tune in a paper bag."
"Don't be ridiculous, Jean!" May

scolded. Spaulding?" echoed Jean "I'm not," retorted Jean. "I'm being practical." And she continued, sarcastically: "This is a chance in a and you shall learn," promwilcox, smiling at the sentimed able to say, 'Perry Spaulding? Oh, yes, he married my sister!' It would give such a tone to the family name."

"Lear!"

"Jean!" reproved Evelyn. "How can But Jean had vanished into the kit-

chen to rescue her jelly.

The days which followed were busy ones indeed; trips to the dressmak-I'm bringing with me. None
that Perry Spaulding, my good
erry of college days, now tremay rich and famous. Imagine
upprise at meeting him here
places! I found him moping
"I wish we had a pergola." May
would say glassing up from a high

I found him moping "I wish we had a pergola." May of silly women who think it's ly descriptive pussage. "He seems ost remarkic thing in the world particularly partial to them. And we a writer of novels—and one it would be an ideal place for after-And

family. Incidently, I might k that I wouldn't mind having the of tha family. He's a fine grown awfully good looking I aw him last—and he's cointage. See what you can do, Evelyn's pretty face is sure arm him. May's voice he'll arm him. May's voice he'll see that I wouldn't mind having "Jean would admonish. "Won't you ever be serious?"

"Oh, but I am serious." Jean would admonish. "Thank you when the cap. I won't matter who does it as long as we get him into the family. Wear your hair more loosely are it as long as we get him into the family. Wear your hair more loosely levelyn—'caught with a single tor "It doesn't Jean assured" win him! It won't matter who does from his hand and crashed to the And Jean must bake some of Evelyn—'caught with a single tor toise comb.' And let it fall down a couple of times 'in a rippling, shimto a man's heart—even a roman's heart—even a roman'

tas Perry Spaulding's? Oh, ke was capital. Far more liket Evelyn, who was lovely enough a heroine right out of his books, it, whose voice was equal to the about which he was forever or, should conquer him. And, sciously, this seemed to be the stringuished guest. The house, flung simplianing:

of the family. For Evelyn of the soft June air, was redomentary limits and a few early sweet pears hardly time for new s. Why didn't Joe let us know in kas and a few early sweet pears of wild cross, tell vases of daisies and niks and a few early sweet peas of wild reses, tell vases of daisies and of the piano. Jean, her smooth hear of the piano. Jean, her smooth hear on the piano. Jean, her smooth hear on the piano. Jean, her smooth hear of the piano dressed in the usual simple fashion, dres

s. Why didn't Joe let us know pinks and a few early sweet peas on the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of the piano. Jean, her smooth hair on the piano. Jean, her smooth hair on the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of the piano. Jean, her smooth hair on the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of the piano. Jean, her smooth hair on the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of the piano. Jean, her smooth hair of

by white is fearfully expensive,"
n objected. "Especially when simple." You know Madame y's prices."

Ou must have them, however," from a rorch in "Little Miss Golden."

Mrs. Wilcox, in her mind's eye dy welcoming Perry Spaulding rovels lying in conspicuous array on the reading table, Jean raised her for any shock it mockingly.

Evelyn had pronounced a dreading you?

Potts in her eyes, was far more homelike and attractive than the north whose chintz pillows and vicket from a rorch in "Little Miss Golden."

"We standard the complete of the complete of the reading table, Jean raised her fit and shock it mockingly."

the reading table, Jean raised her fit and shook it mackingly.

"You're a perfect nuisance. Mr. Remarce Maker!" she exclaimed.

"And I wonder if you're worth it."

Then conscious of warning odor.

Then, conscious of warning odor, she rushed to the kitchen to rescue the tea cakes which she had refused to trust to Maggie's peculiar care,

"I'd better consult the girls about she had slipped the cakes from their s well count me time. "His Highness might turn up I'd never in the his nose at vanilla."

hurred toward the porch.
"Evelyn!" she called, approaching,
"May! Which do you think he'd like

almond or vanilla But on the threshold of the parlor

her just entering the "dreadful" FAMILY AVOIDS she stepped short, for there before room was the family group welcoming Joe and his guest. She was aware of the dismay on her sister's faces, of her mother's ill-smothered gasp, **SERIOUS SICKNESS** of Joe's grinning amusement.

cine for young and old.

headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It was always tomorrow.

ly vexed.
"What is his game?" she fumed, as

she sat on the back porch at twilight,

looking over berries for breakfast. "Is he laughing up his sleave and in-

cidently gathering material for a nov-

el? Or is he enjoying himself as much as he pretends? If he is, why

superintend the running of a house. Sne had frequently felt his eyes up-

peculiar light. She had been very careful after her first blunder to keep out of his way, to hide from him, who loved only the beautiful and romantic, her daily round of homely

step looking over berries!
Where are the girls?" she asked,
anxious to uphold the plastic dignity

of the family, yet hating to send him off. "Where are Evelyn and May?"

edly, and sat down on the steps at her feet. "May I stay here?" he in-

"I don't know," he said unconcern

"Why-why, certainly," she gasp-

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he queried, flashing her one of his rare

"Oh, no, not at all," she fluttered,

Perry Spaulding drew from his

pocket—not a scented, gold-mono-gramed cigarette, such as his heroes

gracefully inhaled-but an old sweet-

brier pipe, one as shabby and worn as Joe's. Jean watched him, fasas Joe's. Jean watched him, fas-cinated, and, as with a little con-

tented chuckle he flung away the match and leaned back against the

trelliswork she caught in her breath.

He didn't seem a bit like a book-

She had no part whatsoever

in the game of romance-making. She

More than ever before she hated the

amazed and wondering.

Now she understood their

And here she sat on the door

then the stifled silence was broken by By Being Constantly Supplied With "Vanitla, thank you kindly, and plenty of it, Miss Jean." "Well, he's human!" was her men-Thedford's Black-Draught.

tal comment as they met and clasped hands, for in the soft parlor lighting she could see the hidden twinkle in the gray eyes bent upon her, and caught a flash of white, even teeth "But what a fiasco!" she added, when she had fled back to the kitchen Ten years ago a friend told me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medi-"Evelyn and May must be wild They'll accuse me of doing it on pur But I might bave known it. I

always spoil everything."
When she joined the family on the porch to superintend the tea and akes she was inclined to reconsider her hastily-formed impression of her brother's friend. In a chintz chair, balancing a Wedgwood cup on one knee, Perry Spaulding looked any thing but human. His legs seemed far too long for the slender proporer's, a general overhauling of the old- tions of the chair, and the cup in his week, mater mine, and er's, a general overhauling of the old-ded for home and a real fashioned house, and a diligent delv-and you never can guess ing into Perry Spaulding's books. All bringing with me. None of them—and he had written a good down and received her portion of orange peko, which, according to one of Perry's novels, was the only thing fit to drink. She wondered vaguely what was wrong. Perry Spaulding sat over in his corner, humped up and silent, apparently oblivious of Evelyn's beautiful languor, or May's eger questions about his books. And

a hearty:

said anything?

"Won't you have more tea?" she asked sweetly of Perry, as he made an awkward move in the direction of

"Thank you-er-no," Perry began. when the cup, rattling warningly, slid a ruined heap.

"It doesn't matter in the least, Jean assured him, gathering up the pieces as unconcernedly as though they were kitchen ware instead of Wedgwood, borrowed for the occasion from the next-door neighbor. "We have dozens like it. Evelyn," she continued in the same soothing tone, "won't you show Mr. Spaulding the garden? It's frightfully warm you the parden? well here."

s your eyes when you sing to him. Evelyn, rising as rapidly as her is heart must be melted."

"How can you?" murmured Mrs. ry Spaulding from the delightfully

the pets."
"We're trying to create the kind of atmosphere to which he is accustom- on her.

atmosphere to which he is accustomed," Mrs. Wilcox said in an offended tone. "He always writes about this sort of thing. We thought—"
"Oh, very well," replied Joe, with a shrug. "Suit yourselves! But don't be surprised if he leaves tomorrow."
"Wish he would," was Jean's inward comment as she gathered up the ten plates. She we appry with the tea plates. She ws angry with her family and with the man who had wrought such a transformation in the otherwise simple home. "I hate pre-tenders!" giving the cart a shove.

At dinner Perry Spaulding was a different man—affable, polished, just like the heroes in his books. He "Why talked quite volubly and bent upon Enveloped in a long pinafore, her smooth heir a little awry, her nose pulses flutter in spite of her. And yet, there was an indefinble some yet, there was an indefinble some thing in his manner—a sort of re-signation, as it were, which puzzled Jean. His laughter was too ringing his gestures overdone. And he al-ways said the correct thing. It was as if he were acting a part—a part played to please the public, not him-

"He's perfectly wonderful," May whispered to Jean, when the family was drifting from the table to the drawing-room" as the parlor was now termed. "But Evelyn needn't be so hoggish. She might give me

be so hoggish. She might give me a turn."

Very gracefully Evelyn relinquished her hold on Perry, but there was a proprietory air in the way she did it which May resented wrathfully. May plunged into an orgy of singing. Her voice trilled and crescendoad. Her eyes shot liquid flmes. At her side, his chair drawn close to the piano. spell. Then, swiftly recollecting, she sat upright. She had no business here.

ing-an old Scotch ballad? It's a favoritae here."

They were shameless— tures. What must he these overtures, think? But Pe But Perry Spaulding an-

"Yes, I know it. A charming thing! Do sing it." And he entreat-

with a doubtful feeling. Thus the days sailed by, serene on the sur-face, all a-flutter underneath. Perry Snaulding was appearently enrap-tured with the Wilcox home. He motored and strolled with Evelyn and read poetry to her from a gilt-

ging toward her. And before she knew what had happened his hands were in the bowl close to hers and his fingers, which scribbled thirty thousand's worth a year, working as if they really enjoyed their humble la-

"Great sport, isn't it?" he remarked, after a long and comfortable

"Yes," murmured Jean, wondering what would happen if her mother or Evelyn or May should chance upon them now. She stole an uneasy glance behind.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several "Don't worry," he said, seeming to "Don't worry," he said, seeming to divine the glance. "They won't come. I've packed 'em all off in the Jami-

son's car."
"You—you packed them off?" gasped Jean. "Wh—what for?"

"Can't you guess?" he asked, turning to give her an indefinable look. I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel a little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried. And, as she made no response, he added, softly: "I wanted to be alonewith you.'

For a moment Jean's heart stood till. Her lips parted tremulously, still. We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced
using Black-Draught."

Thedford's Black-Draught is purely
regetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomache, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, names, and single.

It was for them—Evelyn and May. It was for them-Evelyn and May. He was consulting her, who had scorned romance-making, as they they It has been in constant use for more consulted the parents or guardian in two-thirds. He has reduced the milk than 70 years, and has benefited more the stories he wrote. The light died flow of her dairy cattle at least one-out in her face. he felt suddenly half. He has appropriated to his own out in her face. Your druggist sell, and recommends the Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a backage to-day.

N. C. 123

tired—and old.
"Well, she said, lifelessly. "Well—" Perry Spaulding gazed up at her. There was everything in his eyes.

edged book. He played tennis with May and listened to her music be-But hanged if I can say it now." But

side, derisive and baffled in turn. At times she caught glimpses of the man beneath the mask. But he would spoil it all a minute later.

"If he'd only be himself!" she would exclaim, and was aghast at the thought which followed.

Each night Mrs. Willow.

thought which followed.

Each night Mrs. Wilcox would "Oh," she whispered, "there's some whisper to her daughters. "Has he mistake. You can't mean me." And To which both would blushingly reply: "Not yet. But I shan't be surprised if tomorrow—"

as he sut, saying houng, herely smiling down in that marve ous way, she added, haltingly: "But I'm not at surprised if tomorrow—"

all like the women you write about. all like the women you write about. fice the lim not a bit good-looking, and I 1916. At the haven't a talent in the world. You (SEAL) end of a fortnight sean felt decided-

couldn't love plain me."
"But I do," he answered. "You're human—real You're the girl of my dreams. Do you suppose I'd want to spend a lifetime with the kind of people I write about—languid, elfish creatures who never did a thing in their printed existence but amuse themselves and kill time? Do you suppose I could go on day after day much as he pretends? If he is, the meselves and kill time; on earth doesn't something take themselves and kill time; suppose I could go on day after day place?" Then, as a sudden thought drinking confounded watery tea out drinking confounded watery tea out place?" Then, as a sudden thought flashed over her, she dropped her hands in her lap. "Why!" she gasped, "perhaps he's in love with them both?" Out of "Are you always busy?" Out of "Are you always busy?" Out of drinking confounded watery tea out drinking confounded watery tea out of Wedgwood or Rockwood or some other old kind of a china cup? Do you suppose, Jean dearest, that I could stand 'Loch Lomond' three hundred and sixtyfive days of the year? "Are you always busy?" Out of the twilight floated a familiar voice, and the next moment Perry Spaulding Lord, no!" he ended, vehemently.

"Then you don't like those things?" wonderfully handsome. For an in-stant Jean almost wished she were "I hate 'em!" with a savage smile. "But you write bout them.

"Of course I do. They sell." And bending over her again, he added: "I'm a cheat, a fraud, I know. I've been playing a despicable part ever since I came here. But what I feel world."

BROUGHT AGAINST CAT-TLE TICK.

In the Court of Common Sense, Judicial District of Men's Minds-in Chancery.

State of Florida Bill for divorce Texas F. Tick.

The plaintiff, State of Florida, complains that she has been wedded to the defendant, Texas F. Tick, since the first cow entered her domain. She prays complete separation and divorce on the grounds here-in-after

Plaintiff states that the marriage was a mistake and a failure, that the defendnt has, by his cruel and unmerciful treatment of her, made her an object of ridicule and contempt among her Sister States. He has brought humiliating discrimination upon her from her sisters and her paternal Uncle Sam.

He has preyed upon her cattle and sucked their blood and made them sick. He has damaged their hides. By his treatment of them he has decreased their value from one-half to two-thirds. He has reduced the milk half. He has appropriated to his own se the blood manufactured from valuable feed for milk and meat produc. tion, and has thus effected the loss of millions of dollars annually to her

people. The defendant has propagated and encouraged the spread of the Texas he did say it—in a wonderfully villaged in the like stepping from the pages of his like stepping from the pages of his brant voice, as with arms outstretched he bent toward her. 'I love you, bred cattle, capital and industry. He has robbed babies of wholesome milk,

on, she whispered, "there's same dict as just punishment to defendant: mirtake. You can't mean me." And as he sat, saying nothing, merely smiling down in that marvelous way, she added, haltingly: "But I'm not."

fice this 24th day of February, A. D.

SEAL) Poor Land Clerk, By Purebred Cattle, Deputy Clerk. Health & Prosperity.
Attorneys for Plantiff.

Do You Find Fault With Everybody?

An irritable fault-finding dispois often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently benefitted by Chamberlain's Tablets after years of suffering. These tablets strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions nat-urally. Obtainable everywhere.

for you, Jean, is real. I want a home which is a home, not a painted palace, a wife who is human, not a pratting doll, and love which is ca-pable of lasting longer than the ro-mance in a book."

"But," protested Jean, "I think ro-mance is the nicest thing in all the

A Woman's Groblem

How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—



24th St., Erie, Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. Airer taking Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. MARGARET GRASS-MAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Beverly, Mass.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for nervousness and dyspepsia, when I was going through the Change of Life. I found it very helpful and I have always spoken of it to other women who suffer as I did and have had them try it and they also have received good results from it."—Mrs. George A. Dunbar,

17 Roundy St., Beverly, Mass. Erie, Pa.—"I was in poor health when the Change of Life started with me and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, or I think I should not have got over it as easy as I did. Even now if I do not feel good I take the Compound and it restores me in a short time. I will praise your remedies to every woman for it may help them as it has me."—Mrs. E. Kissling, 931 East

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

Rheumatism

How is rheumatism recognized? Some have said-

Rheumatism is a dull pain. Rheumatism is a sharp pain, Rheumatism is sore muscles.

Rheumatism is stiff joints. Rheumatism is a shifting pain.

All have declared-Rheumatism is Pain.

Blean's Liniment applied :-

The blood begins to flow freely-the body's warmth is renewed-the congestion disappears-the pain is gone.

Sloan's

KILLS PAIN (GUARANTEED)

sumatism and allied pains yield to the penetratqualities of this warming liniment.

his chair drawn close to the piano, Perry Spaulding sat enraptured-seemingly. "And now Loch Lomond," purred might spoil everything sitting on Mrs. Wilcox, when at last May pausthe back steps with the hero of the hour, wearing a kitchen apron, and hour, wearing a kitchen apron, and berry stins on her face and hands.

Jean felt the color rush to her game they were playing heeks. They were shameless— "I'd better go in," she murmered, wered readily:

ed May with his even, white smile. The family pronounced the evening a decided success. Jean fell asleen

making a move toward the door.
"Please don't he begged, putting a hand to the hem of her apron. "Please stay.' before her. What should sne do. Inclination bade her linger, but prudence whispered, "Retire."

"Go on," he said, motioning at the hearl in her lap. "I like to watch Jean sat down and stared stiffly